

There was a most enthusiastic blending of voices, although, to a strictly musical nose, the little harp was a trifle out of tune. Brother, with flowing hair, and a stately gentleman, with wonderful ears, sang for three minutes, to the accompaniment of the harp, "Hosanna, Dear Saviour, Thine to be," when, as the hymn was about to be commenced, two of the females started out of their seats and went away. Although the services were closed with the eulogy.

Notwithstanding the extreme inclemency of the weather, a large number of people were present. When the room was cleared out, the pastor took a look at the old dog pit. It was empty and comfortable, and he was glad to find it in the form of an amphitheatre, where the people were, in order to make way for a luncheon.

Upon the second floor he found the hallway carpeted with an old rusty muck, a damper, a picture of the late President Lincoln, a large iron safe, and a pair of pants about fifteen feet long, representing cows standing in a river and sheep browsing in green pastures. The room was full of boxes, lawns, are to be occupied by the missionary, Little, and the matron, Mrs. Doctor Wilk. The hallway, which is the room on the floor above will be used as a large work

"My good man," he inquired, "what is your fairland?" was the answer.

"Well, I don't know, sir. I am not entirely  
erted, but I am better. What do you  
to know for?"

"I only just to put it in the paper."

"In the paper; O dear me, I am not good  
ugh to put me in the paper, and please,  
leave me out. I wouldn't like to have the  
le me in. I am only working about and  
g to be good."

"With another appeal still ringing in his  
the reporter then left the premises, and  
a visit to the "Boxbox." Kit Burg's as-  
signment, next door. It is not much big-  
than a boxbox. Several men were  
fraz with their backs against the wall,  
were in the centre of them, and a dozen  
ore large and small cogs were lying pro-

ended what was wanted?  
"I then emerged into the small bar-room,  
inquired: 'Wan a daing?'  
'No. I want to see them fight.'  
Well, we have no pit; but will have a **new**  
but in about a month. Come again;  
bye.'  
The reporter.

act ideas, but a patient, masterly worker among men, in the ways of men. It was want to see there Henry Wilson's kindly, sunny face, unalterably genial and honest. A few years' standing, he is yet a brother. And he is abundant in good and brotherhood—a manhood with natural, beautiful powers, passions and ends kept well in hand—a brotherhood to the poor and unfortunate may conflict appeal. There were the Connecticutors, our "noble cousin Buckingham," the thoughtful, scholarly Ferry. Near was the bearer of another honored excellent name, Trumbull of Illinois, with pale, sage, calm, and a calm and there were the New York Senators—good Master Fenton, the urbane, and

bio, tall and spare, with deep-set earnest eyes, and his colleague, Thurman, the noblest democrat of them all. Everybody was glad to see Richard Yates of Illinois, a man of commanding presence and a fine, frank manner of a boy and the

During the war I was anxious to what he did for the soldiers of his State—to what he felt for the widows orphans of soldiers. If I remember the things so well, how must they whom he loved and comforted remember them? It is impossible for him to go beyond the atmosphere of their blessings and their prayers. Mr. Carpenter and Mr. Saulsbury, both large, strong men, have both a peculiarly restless manner, and walk pertinaciously and semi-circularly, with their hands

outlook "ignity about him," as though  
 "a man with a noble and venerable dignity."  
 Sausbury occasionally "writing  
 faithful or humorous remarks on Republican  
 action." The power in both these gentle-  
 mens in an active state of fermentation.  
 ed, there is in these three Senators—  
 s, Carpenter and Sausbury—ability, eq-  
 and eloquence, unused and unobtain-  
 "tied up in bundles, but lying about"  
 "a man of a respectable legislature."  
 strong contrast to the "stagnant and  
 "any other Senator, quiet and easy, un-  
 "his water on his head, but perpetual  
 "mer in his face. Always faithful and un-  
 "ing in his duty is Mr. Howe, but talking  
 "and that temperately and to the point,  
 "ough the charge of his noble estate had

ively Times among Southern Editors.—The Memphis editors have been having a lively time lately—something like a triangular duel. The Sun of that city, misled by certain statements in the Advocate, of local significance only, felt called on to speak of its editor in the following manner:

We denounce his conduct as a wanton outrage on the profession into which he has entered, and its author as a pusillanimous, cowardly assassin, who only differs from the mob in this, that, whereas, the latter would rob people's money, this editor would rob us

is paragraph caused the denounced editor, Galaway, to attack Mr. Bingham the son of a gun, and give him a beating, which No. 3 appears in the person of Mr. Bingham, the son of 'the bestu man, publishes a card setting forth that he is author of the offensive paragraph, that he is a feeble invalid, as the coward assaulted him well knew, and that the course that could save Col. Galaway's family would be to direct his attack against him (Bingham Jr.), which he dared to do, and beat him No. 4, who is the writer's brother, L. T. Gallaway, who uses the wing rather pointed language, over his e. In Sunday's *Ascalanche*: James W. Bingham—a young man—comes

**MAD ELEPHANT**—The *Connersville (Indiana) Times* says that during the temporary absence of her keeper, not long since, the giant Jenny Lind, belonging to the Vanburgh Menagerie, now wintering in that

and exhibit herself free of charge. How he succeeded is described below:

His first performance was to try if it were able to support the building, in which she resided, and flading she was unable to do, she seized the solid masonry from its foundation, seized the zebra, which stood in close proximity, deliberately lifted the frightened out of his stall with her trunk, held him aloft in mid-air, then dashed him violently to the ground. Not satisfied, one of the spectators shared the same fate. Everything was in the wildest confusion; lions, tigers, and the wild beasts, terrified by the unusual turn of the business, rushed with roars, trying to burst their bars asunder. Mr. Winner, the lion-tamer, tied the lion by coaxing and threatening, to prevent

—When the doors of the debtors' prison opened in England, Jan. 1st, and the in-

arnacies, who  
rs, went out; completely dazed. One would  
pose so.











